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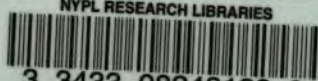
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THE SOUL OF AMERICA

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

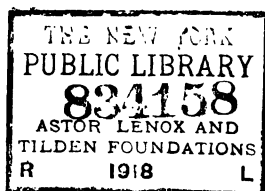
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TO
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

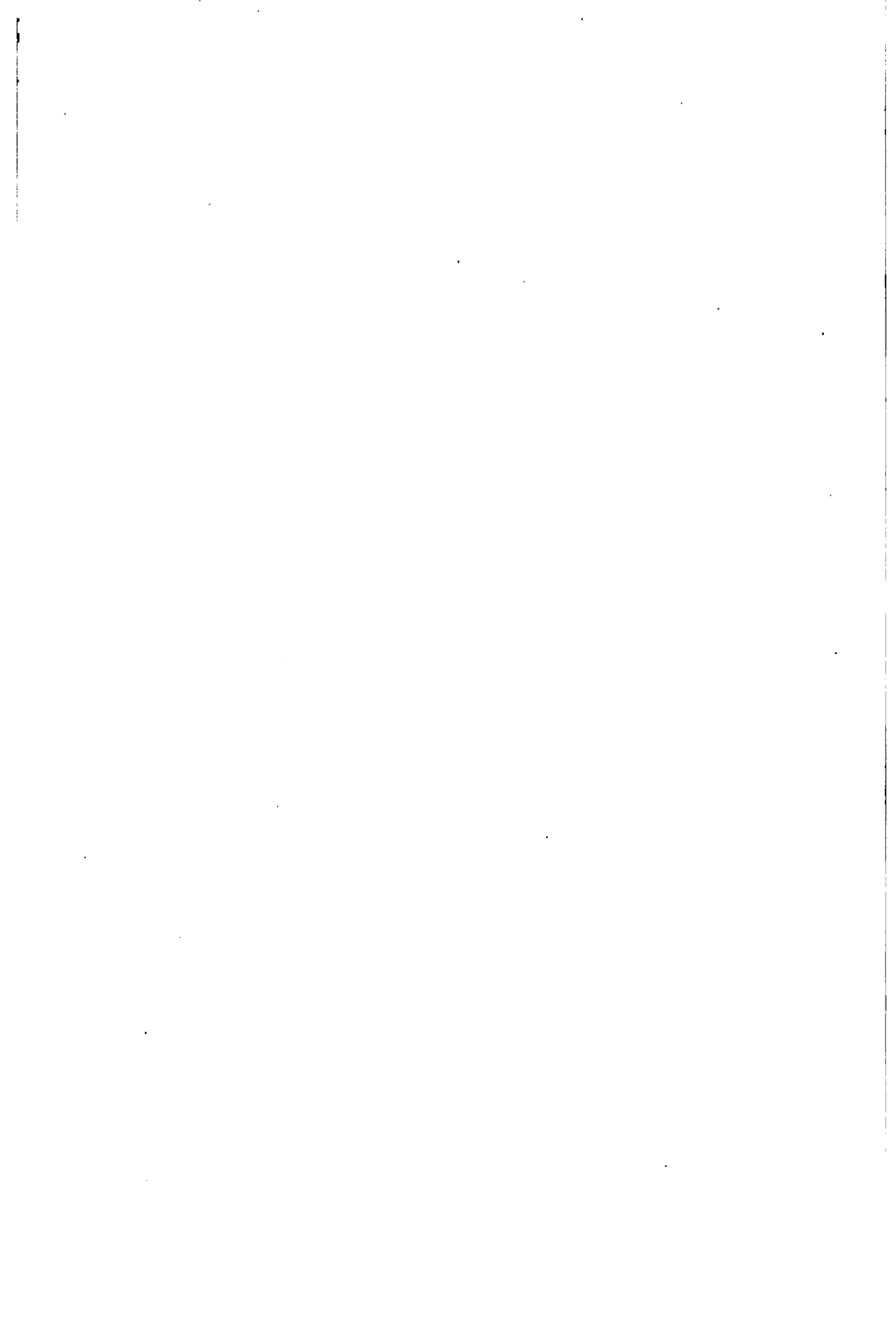
*The red dawn of a New Age is yonder.
What must we do? How must we live?*

11.11.18.



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GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

Brother, ask yourself that question...

Ask yourself now!

For it is the time of a New Consecration.

To-day! To-day!

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

I

O America! Land of forests and prairies,
Land of races and peoples,
Land of freedom and tolerance,
Looked-for haven of the nations of the world!
To you I came, and you I adopted.
I have infolded you as a child infolds its mother.
I say to you: "My mother!"

I love you because you hold the torch of liberty in
your outstretched hand.

I love you because your constitution speaks of the
people as the rulers.

(I am a man—I salute you, brother!)

I love you because you are not governed by a king.

I love you because princes and nobles are not met on
your streets—

The dignity of man is not lowered.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

I love you because of the true red mixture of human
blood that flows in your veins.

Blessèd are the dreams of the first settlers!

I love you because, in the beginning of your history,
You gathered together your people;

You girded your loins;

You armed yourself with weapons of steel;

And you fought.

You fought for liberty;

You fought for independence;

O divine freemanship!

You fought for democracy;

You fought for nature's own laws;

And you won.

Blessèd are the noble men in whom the dreams of our
fathers still live!

And since those days, the peoples came from the ends
of the earth,

And you increased;

And your stars now count forty and eight.

I love you because of what you did in the middle of
the nineteenth century,—

You liberated some millions of dark-colored people
living among you;

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

You emancipated them.

I love because you gave your blood for the Cubans.

You fought for them, but took no soil.

You made them free.

The Filipinos will be free also.

I love because you are a nation of givers.

Above all else, I love you because of your Soul,

The infinite vistas opening out from your Soul.

Blessèd be that Soul!

And since I love you,

Since my life is entwined with your life,

My ideals with your ideals,—

Gray matter and red blood have sealed the pledge,—

I wish you to guard the beacon fires lit on your
mountains,

I wish you to grow,

And increase in the strength of body,

In the strength of Soul,

The things unseen,

Your birthrights, O America!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

II

Goddess of Liberty!

Was it not you, torch-bearing Liberty,

That called across the ocean brine?

This was the call of your winning voice:

"Come, all you nations,—

You, oppressed by the oppressor,—

You, laden with the yoke of the tyrant,—

You, smarting under the wounds of kings and
princes,—

You, longing hearts, imprisoned souls;—

I will welcome you at my open doors,

I will comfort you,

In my arms you shall forget your sorrows,

I will greet you as my brothers!"

The spirit said so, the solemn spirit,

It was a call of love—

A call of democracy.

The nations heard your call.

They rejoiced at hearing it.

It seemed like the voice from a better world,

Like the caroling of an Easter hymn:

Arise to greet the immortal new!

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

A new country! A new life!
They believed you. They trusted you.
Their hearts beat quicker. Their eyes dilated.
They came with wife and child.
Carpenters, masons, farmers.
They wanted to see their dreams come true;
They wanted to feel the warmth of love;
Oh for the sight and adoration of liberty!
They wanted to test democracy;
They wanted bread and meat for body and soul;
Milk from warm, expanded breasts—your breasts,
O Goddess of Liberty!
And as they came your Soul waxed into power, O
America!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

III

America, my country!

Brothers all!

What is that Liberty of which you sing?

Which impelled the first settlers to seek your soil?

For which they offered up their blood?

Which you sent abroad in your calls of love?

Which brought the nations of the earth to you?

Singing, singing, singing!

Which you have stamped upon your documents and
silver coins?

The sunlight spread out over the States?—

What is that Liberty?

You say it is your life-principle.

Yes: it is your life-principle;

The igniting spark that keeps your fires, O America!

That feeds your Soul, your Spirit, your Being:

As your Liberty is, so is your Soul;

As your Soul is, so is your Liberty.

You are not merely dwellers on this continent;

You are no longer a province;

No longer in the leading strings of a parent land.

Not now!

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

You are a new land,—
New, because of a new era started;
New, because you are not a land of just one race,
But a company of races,
Held together by a secret bond,
By a *sacred* bond,
Sacred as a consecrated altar,
The link between you and your destiny,—
Your very Soul, your Spirit, your Being.
Are you conscious of that?
Do you feel it as you feel the pulsing of your heart?
Do you feel it strike the tablet of your mind as a
conviction?
Do you feel it quiver through your body when the word
“American” is uttered?
What then is Liberty?
What does the uplifted torch mean?
The wreath about her brow?
What is this Soul I am speaking about?

Brother, ask yourself that question.
Ask yourself at night in the hour of rest,
And in the morning when a new day dawns.
Ask yourself now!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

For it is the time of a new consecration.

To-day! To-day!

Ask yourself a thousand times,

For America's To-morrow depends upon your answer!

Yea, the world's To-morrow depends upon your
answer!

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

IV

I know a man who years ago
Departed from his native land,
With treasures, wife and child;
And settled in the kingdom of the sea.
Rich he was, and, in due time, the king made him a
lord.

He was born in America, had breathed her
Principle of life, yet never known her Soul;
Was born in America, yet had not been American.

I know a woman of leisure who lived in Paris;
Ten happy, fleeting years she had spent there;
Then she returned to the land of her birth—
For a visit.
She made the visit shorter than she had intended;
She thought of the arts she had left behind;
She thought of the boulevards and lighted cafés;
She thought of the Countess de C. and her cercle of
friends;

Our streets and cities she no longer liked;
Our people seemed bourgeois to her;
Our life was too busy, and fulsome of noise;
She longed for leisure and fashion;

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

She scorned our ways.
She, too, had not known the Soul of our land,
Though born under the Stars and Stripes.
My brothers, there are many of these.

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

V

Listen to the wind from the West,
From the South, from the North, from the East,
Blown over cities and plains,
Listen how it has increased!

Secrets it carries on its wings,
Secrets of a mighty nation,
For the hearts of men that know,
For their joy and adoration!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

VI

In the jungles and deep forests
Are lions and tigers and bears and snakes.
They go and come, they roam through space;
They spring, they crouch;
They gather their food where they will;
They prey upon each other, they devour each other;
Rising from their sleep with hunger in their eyes;
Sucking the blood of life to satisfy their cravings;
Lying down with no qualms of conscience.
They are the free beasts under God's blue sky,
The same beasts that God saved, the very same,
When He told Noah, according to fable,
To gather in his Ark one of each kind.

Is this our Liberty?

This the Liberty which glorifies the brow of our
Goddess?

This the fountain spring of the life of our Soul?

Smile you, brother? Your smile cannot conceal the
cruel laws of nature.

Yes, my brother, the liberty we sing about

Is linked with the liberty of the forest,

Linked with nature's fetters hard to break.

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

Liberty—true-born Liberty—is won through conquest,
Won by a spirit-struggle,
The noblest struggle man is fighting;
A struggle for the conquest of Self,
A pitched battle for light in midst of darkness,
In which brother must help brother;
The social armageddon fought with cudgels and flame-
feathered pinions;
A struggle for a high-mounting humanity.

Do we not eat and drink?
Do we not want to eat and drink?
Must we not eat and drink?
Woe to man that keeps us from it!
Woe to the State!
Woe to the enemy!
Last night, while you were asleep,
There was a scuffle in the street near where you live:
One man fell,
The other, with a white face and a starving voice,
Is now imprisoned behind iron bars.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

VII

My brother, what is Liberty?
What is Democracy,
I feel a quiver run
Through our nation—
What is it we have left undone
In faith and consecration?

Our faith of old—
Has it grown cold?
Is it the search for gold
That made us turn from pledges of the past,
Forgetful of the things that last?
To play?
To chase the shadows in the sun?
To count the trifles won?
My brother,
What is it we have left undone?
What is it we must do?
How can we see things through,
In this New Age?

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

VIII

There is the flesh of body, in which the life of
man is rooted;

There is the light of the soul, which makes that life
a child of God.

There is the flesh of body, in which the life of a
people is rooted;

There is the light of her soul, which makes that life
a nation.

What is our nation's Soul?

America's Light?

Her entity as a nation among nations?

Her Being, I mean, her Heart, the glow

Of her Spirit whereby she grows;

Her mind whereby she knows

Herself; her Entity

Among the nations, free

Or bound;—this Soul, do you know?

My brother, I tell you no new truth,

Though a deep and wondrous truth.

You may have forgotten—forgotten it!

You, who have been here too long—

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

My brother, know it again, again!
Or you, newcomer, no one may have told you—
Hear me, then!
It is a faith,—
A faith on which hangs all the law and the singer's
 prophecy;
Which cuts down to the life-roots of our Being;
Which lays bare the red-flowing blood,—the
 sap of life;
And the white-shining Light,—the blossoms of life;
Which makes us stand before our grave, and face
 to face with God.
Blessèd are the men of the past who saw the Light,
 who had the faith!
It is a faith,—
The faith that through our democracy,
A government and a people sprung from American
 soil,
Many peoples, peoples sprung from the races of the
 world—
Through this democracy—
The high-held promises that sleep in man,
Infinite stretches of powers potential,
Social, intellectual, moral,

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

In embryo traced in lines of beauty,
Can into vital life be quickened,
Strike deep their roots,
Fed in this wondrous soil,
And gather mighty powers of growth,
Unfolding wing on wing of nascent life,
Nearing the stature of ideal selfhood
God has destined they should be,
Through this democracy,
Through a democracy of many peoples,
The great American Experiment,
The new hope-anointed start,
A nation in which the people are the rulers,
A free people of peoples free,
Living in concord one with another,
Striving steadfast for a high humanity,
Reaching out to the ends of the world,
Making an end of Race for the sake of Man,
A humanity, great because it is a race of races,
Great because pledged to advance the statehood of
man,
Crowned with the crown of freedom,
Won with eyes and ears, and swords and plows,
And creative brother-will,

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

And love for noble deeds, and noble song, and noble
art,
Calling all men "brothers,"—
That is America's Soul!
Her Soul in the making.

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

IX

Brothers all!

Wherefore came we?

We who are now a mighty nation?

Did we set sail from ancient Europe

Without a gleam of that which now is our Light?

We came possessed with high-righteous aims,

A Soul aflame though seeming less significant,

A Soul that since has grown as vast as is the continent
itself.

My brothers!

Wherefore are we here? wherefore a mighty nation?

Came we to drive the Indians from their hunting
grounds?

Stampeding them to gain new pasture lands?

Live we, now being masters of the land, to bask in
glad content?

No, no: we came, and we are here, to carry out a
mission,

Writ darkly on the page of Time, but growing clearer
now;

A mission testing our worth to greatness;

A mission binding all the parts of our nation into one
sacred whole;

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

Buried deep in the hearts of men;
A special favored gift of Providence;—
And healing wonders may we work with it.
My brothers!

Have you found this Mission?

Found our Soul? Our country's Soul?

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

X

We rise in the morning;
We eat and drink, we sleep;
We love, we bear children, we die—
Where is the Soul?
We dream of fairy-ships of gold—
Where is the Soul?
The spark of life? The Breath of God?
The human hope so fondly cherished?
You die, I die, multitudes die:
The Soul lives on from generation to generation—
Where is the Soul?
If the Soul is not the flame that feeds the body,
With the body it will die;
With it our democracy will die—must die;
Is it dying now? rotting on the ground,
With each day, and the setting of the sun of each day?
Or are the withered berries of last year,
Still hanging on the thorn,
To be discarded now,
For new life to be born?

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

XI

THE CALL

The savage storm is nearing, wake,
My land! Hear you its thunder break
From shore to shore? The cave-men's ghosts are
loose

Collecting human bones for unpaid toll,
And Death with sickle-knife. Awake! If aught
You care to save, save our country's Soul!

She's in the storm, sore battling on high
Against a slaughter-flaming sky—
The Soul of our land! And in the thunder I hear
Her voice: "I am America, my son,
Remember our trust, the Brother-state
Of Man, which we—your blood and I—have won!"

Remember? Yes, indeed, dear voice,
Sole comfort in midst the cruel noise
Of a down-trodden, a bleeding, sorrowing world
Yearning towards a better day! For thee the price!
For thee, America, we take our place—
'Tis sweet to make this birth-throe sacrifice!

GLIMPSES OF THE LIGHT

We hear thy voice! Lo, everywhere,
Like buds in Spring, unfading fair,
Leaping their winter grave, through death, new birth
Springs from the hearts of men—Land of the free,
We hear thy voice! Come, brothers, perish! Die
To win a glorious Spring for Liberty!

For thee the price! For thee we die—
Sweet memories that glorify
Thy name, cleansed of unworthy deeds of years
Gone wrong, ancestral pure as is the Call
Itself, a sanctity about thee that
Will sublimiate us as in death we fall!

Play, healing sickle-knife, play; we fear
Not death! Beyond, and clear, we hear
A voice, to-day, to-morrow, and ever, ever!
We vow anew to build, upon a plan
High-wrought, and worthy of the noblest song,
An altar to the Brother-state of Man!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

XII

O America! Land of forests and prairies,
Land of races and peoples,
Know Thyself!
Land of freedom and tolerance,
Looked for haven of the nations of the world,
Find your Soul!
Standing at the altar of sacrifice you will find it,
As you receive the light of the brother-will.
The world, in agony writhing,
Is crying for the very Soul that is yours!
Find your Soul,—and bring it to the world!
Come, brothers, live—and die,
In War, in Peace,
To win a glorious Spring for human Liberty!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Will this be all? . . .

No spiritual gains? . . .

*No deeper understanding of the Soul-life of our
nation?*

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

I

One day, in that dark year,
In the middle,
The wild roses were still in blossom,
There came rumbling portentous sounds
Across the ocean,
Premonitory waves of a great catastrophe.

It shook the nations of the earth with fierce violence;
It shook them until their veneer fell off;
It shook them until they stood naked,—
Beasts of the field, and plain white souls.

My brother, it has shaken us also.
What it will do to us, we know not:
The truth is sleeping in the bosom of God.
The force of the shock increased with the days and
nights;

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

The tatters of our body came slipping off ;
Its nakedness stood stark and betraying :
White shining spots of charity,
Liberty, democracy, and brotherhood ;
Seared, ugly spots, still left from the primitive days
 of the jungle ;
Ugly spots, left from the days when man fought the
 tribe across the green river ;
Ugly spots, made by the markings of modern civiliza-
 tion,
Drawn, with cruel hand, upon the Soul,
The Spirit, the Life, the Being of our land.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

II

My brother, what is Liberty?
What is Democracy?
I feel a quiver run
Through our nation—
What is it we have left undone
In faith and consecration?

The portals to a new life have opened;
The trumpets of a new call are sounding,
Testing our hearts,
Testing our minds,
Testing the very Soul of our land,
To-day while the cannons thunder,
To-morrow when the great peace is coming,
The after days when life's stern battles must be won;
Are we worthy?
Prepared for the Call?

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

III

America! Brothers all!

I am singing of the Soul, the Spirit, the Being of our
land;

The American Nationality groping her way into light;
Shaping herself greater in defence of Democracy;
Finding her place in the world order.

I hold her Declaration of Independence in my hand;
I hold her Constitution in my hand;
I hold bound volumes of her history in my hand;
I am raising her flag,
The symbol of hope to many millions.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

IV

I know a man, a good and true man;
He believes Americans are of British stock;
This is what he said:
"When England is in danger, we should fight on her
side."

I know another man, who said:
"France drew her sword for us in days of need.
Our sword belongs to her, whenever she calls for it."
I know another man, who said:
"Ten million of German stock live in our land,
Our blood is German. When Germany calls for help,
It is for us to give it."

My brother, what does this mean?
It means that America's Soul
That makes us one and whole,
A Democracy,
For you and me,
Whatever the family tree,
A national Brotherhood,
United for the common good,
Knows not exactly what to do

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

To see things through
In this New Age.

Yet hear you not her Voice?
Our country's Voice that bade us part with Race
For the sake of Man? that free Humanity
Which is our land's bright goal? "Find your destined
place,
My own dear children, be true, be true to me!"

Arise, Americans of races old or new!
Why do you band yourselves together,
As though a body apart?
The true American knows no division,
Enter through the doorway of the Spirit,
Pass into the great life of our Nation,
Know her Spirit, her Soul, her Being!

'Tis not a World-Sieve
Sorting race from race,
Keeping a chosen few
From contact with the base—
Away with race!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

'Tis not a Melting-Pot,
Blind Fate's mysterious toy,
Mixing crude odds and ends
Into an unknown alloy—
It would destroy!

'Tis the Cathedral of Man,
Being built on plans designed
By noble free men—to serve
Their country and their kind
With brother-mind!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

V

My brothers!
Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution!
What think you we should do?
What think you is the voice of solemn command
Now that War shows his ugly face?
Do not deceive yourself!
We do not know wherein this nation differs from other
nations,
Our democracy from other democracies.
Not all of us know! not all of us know!
That is the sad plight.

It will be a test of true Americanism—
The test of Democracy.
“What is the War about?” will be the question.
“Is America in it? The Spirit of our land?”

But then you will say: “We are prepared;
Our youths are drilled;
Our ships in battle array to meet the enemy.”
Neither army nor navy will save you.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

You say: "We have a big country."
Size will not save you.

You say: "We have money, money."
Riches will not save you;
They are against you.

You say: "We have grown wise in many things;
We are skilled; we are clever."
Cleverness will not save you.

You say: "We have allies."
Allies will not save you;
They may blur your vision.

You say: "In the fight all races will stand shoulder to
shoulder."
Yes, they will. I believe it.
But what will come after the fight?
After the fight?

No, my brother, nothing can save you;
Can save our country,
Your country, my country;

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

Nothing you can think of ;
Nothing that you can see with your eyes ;
That can be weighed and measured.
No, my brother !

A sore the war may leave that never will heal,
This War, the wars that lurk in the dim future,
A poisoned sore,—
Unless we know, before God our Maker,
That the war is fought in the name of the Soul of our
land ;
For keeping alive its Spirit, Mind, and Being ;
For the sacred bond by which we all are united ;
For the preservation of America's lofty ideals,—
A democracy of many peoples,
A new type of democracy,
A race-freed humanity,
The great Cosmic Experiment,
The new free State of Man
Which we, through our Soul and our blood, have won.

If this be the banner that is carried before us,
With a brave heart we shall go into battle—
One we shall be !

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Justice and truth, the lofty ideal, will be our defenders;
They and brotherhood will heal all wounds.

American Democracy will win!

But the other war!

The selfish war!

The "patriotic" war!

The race war!

The war engendered by hatred and fear!

The war for the profit of our body!

The war on account of an alliance merely!

A victory won would be

A dagger thrust into our country's Soul,

America would cease to be—

The shouts of victory

Would be a requiem

Bewailing!

We should once more be

Like the countries we have left behind—

No more!

American Democracy would lose!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

VI

On the hallowed grounds of Harvard University,
Facing South,
The river way,
Stands a memorial gate
Through which I pass well nigh every day.
And on the entablature of this gate,
Cut into stone to last for ages,
Stand these words—
Great words, conceived by the blue of the heavens:
"Depart to Serve thy Country and thy Kind."
My brother, this is America's true Soul
When her eagle's wings are spread.
The country calls!
Wherefore? What cause to serve?
Let it be ever so!
Let never the deed belie the word!
Let us go forth,—to serve our country *and our kind!*
What is that noisy word called patriotism,
Unless it sounds a noble cause?
What means the willingness to die,
Unless through death a noble victory is won?

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Hear the bugle sound?
The feet treading the ground?
The shouts, the crack of the gun?
A battle is to be won!
The country calls!
But not alone for country do we fight;
There is the might
Of a common human right!
It is a call
For all!
For those at home
And those we left behind,
For country and for kind;
For those at home
And those abroad—
Be Thou our Light, my God!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

VII

On our knees, my brother, on our knees
In humble consecration!
To-day—to-day!
Let no man say
Our ancient spirit has decayed,
And our flag hangs tattered in the breeze!
A nobler life! True vindication
Of older pledges made!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

VIII

Not long ago, in our metropolis of the East,
At a public gathering,
A man rose to speak,
A leader of the workers of our country,
His face aflush with the red flush of passion,
Many people were present.
They had come to hear this man.
This is what he said:
"Never will I shed a drop of blood,
Nor counsel my friends to shed theirs,
Unless I know that mine and theirs is shed
In the battle fought for our own class.
To hell with the Stars and Stripes!"
With cheers these words were greeted.

My brother, what does this mean?
Discord it means, disunion:
It means weapons brandished;
It means guns fired;
It means a war within;
It means that the Soul of America,
A democracy of many peoples,
A Brotherhood,

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

United for the common good,
Knows not exactly what to do,
To see things through
In this New Age.

We are marching now together,
The rich and the poor,
The worker and the giver of work,
Every one with a gun,
For Democracy!
An image loved, yet blurred—
Mighty Worker of wonders! Brighten the image
As Stars and Stripes are dipped in blood!
Together we must march, now, and in years of peace,
With opened eyes, and understanding wills,
Rich every one with knowledge of a common life!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

IX

Brother! Gold-digger!
Stop your work—your busy hand!
I have told you about our land—
Your digging will kill her Soul,
Her Soul—her Soul—her Soul!

Brother! American brother!
You with back-turned face,
Italian, German, Britisher,
Why you are so fond of your race
I cannot understand:
I have told you about our land—
Your love of ancestry will kill her Soul,
Her Soul—her Soul—her Soul!

What is Liberty?
What is Democracy?
What is it we must do?
How can we see things through,
In this new Age?

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

X

What will bring us the years to come?
Better things, they say.
For whom? For us?
Yes, when the Dove of Peace is coming, they say.
The Dove? Gentle bird, innocent bird, affectionate
bird!
You are a symbol of the Holy Ghost, not of Peace.

Peace may fall upon us like a Panther,
Or coil itself about us like a Snake.
There may come sluggish years;
Slavish years;
Selfish years;
Selfish, crafty, groveling years;
Spent in the service of Mammon;
In the service of the man-eating body;
In building higher altars;
Taller steel structures;
Safer gold vaults;
Thicker ramparts of privilege and family;
Larger mills for wage-slaves.
Then American Democracy will have lost the battle.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

What will bring the years to come?
Marching in khaki?
Training our youths to shoot?
Waving the flag?
Let us stand prepared, a fortress built in rock:
Will this be all?
This the fruit of the War?
The advance made?
No spiritual gains?
No deeper awakening of the Spirit?
No national policy?
No joining of hearts?
No deeper understanding of the Soul-life of our
nation?
No preparation for the journeys which soul and body
have to take in coming years?—
Then American Democracy will lose the battle!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

XI

On our knees, my brother, on our knees,
In devoutly humble consecration!
To-day—to-day!
Let no man say
Our ancient spirit has decayed
And our flag hangs tattered in the breeze:
A nobler life! True vindication
Of older pledges made!

We have faith our Soul will live,
Outlive its earthen clod;
Self-reliant, joined in brotherhood,
We stand before God!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

XII

We must be true, with faith renew
Our solemn vows, forever true!
True as the very prairie grass,
The woods and fields and soil and mass
Of rock, which sun and air have wrought,—
Growing without a thought,
Truly American!

True to historic days, the flow
And national ebb of times ago!
True to the very drops of life,
The battles fought, the stress and strife
Of anguished years to make man free,—
Loving our Liberty,
Truly American!

True to the Lincoln man, the love-chart
Of a great impassioned human heart!
True to the very cry of our Soul
For better days, the far-out goal
Of struggling man,—knowing no race,
Lighted by a brother's face,
Truly American!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

We must be true, with faith renew
Our solemn vows, forever true!
True to the very stars above,
To truth, to freedom, justice, love
For right; yea, unfaltering,—with the brave,
Ready for a freeman's grave,
Truly American!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

XIII

The portals to a new life have opened;
The trumpets of a new call are sounding,
Testing our hearts,
Testing our minds,
Testing the very Soul of our land,
To-day while the cannons thunder,
To-morrow when the great peace is coming,
The after days when life's stern battles must be won,
It is the Call for a new Freedom—
Are we prepared to win?
It is the Call for a new World-Order—
Are we prepared to establish it?

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

Silent Soul-builders!

Build on the Cathedral of Man in the open:

A new spire is to be added...

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

I

My brothers, I sing of Liberty;
I sing of Democracy;
I sing of the Soul of our land;
Of its Spirit, its Principle, its Being;
I sing of the evolution of this Soul;
I sing of a new America;
Of a new World-Order;
Of the weapons needed to establish it.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

II

It was the Soul of America
That built the foundations of the country, stone on
stone;
It was her Soul that whispered to us words of wisdom;
That pointed the way in moments of bitter darkness;
It was her Soul that built the golden bridge with the
rest of the world;
It proclaimed the Brotherhood of man;
The clumsy body floundered and stumbled;
The body erred in a thousand ways;
But the Soul prevailed!
It is the Soul that inspired us with freedom;
That broke the chains of bondage.
The Soul alone will endure!
The Soul is our true altar of worship;
The body chose the Golden Calf.
The Soul must again prevail!
It is our Light, our only Light!

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

III

Who are the men that in the past have known

America's Soul?

Who were our guides?

Were they our political leaders?

Yes: some of them,—

Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln.

But not all were political leaders,—

Emerson was a man of letters,

Walt Whitman was a poet.

Not all were great men recorded in history,—

They were men in all walks of life,

The rich and the poor,

Those honored and those who died unknown,

Recruited from all the nations of the world.

Nobody knows how many there were at any one time ;

Nobody knows how many there are to-day.

They are our spiritual knights.

They alone can save the country,

They alone can preserve Democracy.

They are the American aristocrats,

The American nobles and princes,

They are the protectors of the American Soul.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

IV

I sing of these Knights of the Spirit.
Do not reject them, my brother :
They live,
I know them.
They will polish their armor,
They will sharpen their sword,
They will, as in olden days, go forth
To fight the battle we must fight
Against the enemy of the Spirit.
Now! Now!
They are the guardians of Democracy;
They are the vindicators of Liberty;
They are the brothers of brothers;
They are the lovers of mankind;
The defenders of the Moral Life;
The humanizers of the commonwealth;
The flower of the land;
They are the exemplars of our faith
That out of Democracy shall spring the highest and
noblest in man;
They will fight the battles now,—
In war and in the days of peace,
On the fields of blood,

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

And in the upland stony pastures of life,
Where the Spirit
Is building the Cathedral of Man,
By them the autocrat will be defeated,
The new social order established!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

V

Let me christen these Knights of the Spirit:
They have never been christened before;
They have ridden into battle an invisible host;
They have been a secret order;
Secret many are, and secret many must ever be,
For they belong to the realm of the Spirit;
They work in mills, and they work in banks;
They pay in gold, and sell over the counter;
They legislate, and they till our fields;
In dark mines they work;
They preach from the pulpit, and they have no creed;
They sing songs, and they fight that they may sing;
They have failed, and their failure was success;
They love when they are not loved;
They know how to live, and they know how to die;
Heroes they are;
They serve for the service' sake;
Secret many are, and secret many must ever be;
They are the first of the land.
Nobles I have called them, and aristocrats;
But this name I do not like;
For they know no class and no privilege;
They know only life of the Soul.

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

Now how shall we name these Knights?

They are guardians of the *psyche* of our land;

They are our psychic lords;

They are our *psychocrats*.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

VI

I know a man,
A philosopher,
A thinker of great repute,
A writer of books,
An intellectual.
Of humanity he speaks in his writings,
Of character, and of noble things.
I like his books, and I loved him
For the many good things he said;
I loved him, and I love him still.

In winter of that dreadful year
He opened a door of his soul
Which till then had been closed.
Would it had not opened!
It is open still.

"I love with all my heart
My own dear race," he said,
"But certain other races
I hate with unquenching hate."
That is what the scholar said,
The *intellectual*,

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

The American.

Was he a psychocrat?

Did he know the Soul of our land?

The psychocrat conquers,

Conquers primitive instincts,

Conquers the beast of the forest;

The first conquest of the soul

Was the first cry of humanity.

Neither war nor peace can free us from bondage,

By ourselves alone can we be made free.

Unless we have the strength of the autocrat,

We shall in the end be conquered.

Unless the love for mankind is deep in us,

We shall not establish a new social order.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

VII

I know of a man,
A millionaire,
Investor in munition stock,
Believer in Christ,
A warden of his church;
Hear what he said
(The hour of the war was striking noon):
"This is a harvest time for me,
I dread the coming peace."
Was he a psychocrat?
Did he know the Soul of our land?

The psychocrat is the only freeman:
I know men and women that are slaves,—
Slaves to fashion,
Slaves to tradition,
Slaves to social station,
Entombed in prosperity,
Looking through the grated windows of their passing
years;
Slaves to beliefs,
Driven by false ideals,

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

Slaves to their body.

This is the burden of the song.

Neither war nor peace can free us from bondage;

By ourselves alone can we be made free.

Unless we have the strength of the autocrat,

The strength that is born of the Soul,

We shall in the end be conquered.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

VIII

I know a woman blessed with riches,
Who lives in simple ways.
Golden sunshine is in her face,
Laughter in her eyes.
She gives.
She gives from the honeycomb of love.
She works.
She works in the garden of Democracy.
She works hard.
All psychocrats work hard.

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

IX

I know a shoemaker:

He buys the best leather;

He buys the best cord;

Every pair of his shoes is well made;

He makes them by hand;

He has studied the anatomy of the human foot.

He reads.

He has a little library of good books.

He works hard.

All psychocrats work hard.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

X

The Knights of the Spirit rule
Like other knights that rank high;
But no one has seen them rule.
The autocrat rules by a power
That he created himself;
By the might of sword and of cannon;
By the might that knows no law.
The plutocrat rules by his money,
By riches and properties.
The aristocrat rules by privilege,
By titles bestowed on him.
The democrat rules for the people,
By the vote that is given him.
The psychocrat rules for his brothers,
By a sceptre that is not seen:
His powers are greater than all others;
His dominions have no bounds;
He rules when he is no longer,
By the deeds that he has done,
By the virtues that were heroic,
By the love that he has scattered,
By the hearts that he has won.

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

XI

German militarists!

The Soul of America does not hate.

The Soul of America wishes to love.

It believes in the Brotherhood of Man.

But you have undermined the pillars of our belief;

Sickened our hearts.

You have become a stumbling block to us.

You have poisoned us.

There are militarists in other lands—

In England, in France, in Russia, in our very midst—

They may resemble you;

They may have caused previous wars;

They may cause future wars;

But you have been the belching fire now;

Forces of destruction.

You have drawn us into a net;

Broken our Soul in two.

You have changed the crust of the earth.

And taken away its bloom and solace.

You have turned the milk of kindness

Into a cup of bitter hate.

You are enemies of Democracy.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

You fight with weapons of steel and fire;
We shall fight with like weapons,
And other weapons—weapons of the spirit—you know
not of.

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

XII

Nations of Europe!

Not so much your possessions are in danger,

Nor yet your land, not yet your people,

But your Moral Life, your very Soul.

So is our Moral Life, our Soul.

Ancient Greece still lives!

Genghis Khan and Tamerlane are not forgotten!

The Soul is being unfolded;

The tests are multiplying;

The terms of peace will be the crucial test;

The foundations laid for a united world

In the days of peace that are to follow.

They will be a manifesto,

A revealing of spiritual forces now hidden.

Neither war nor peace can free us from bondage;

By ourselves alone can we be made free.

The enemy's aim is increase of power,

Our aim is the establishment of a new moral order.

A black cloud sallies from the hill-top,

And now another, and still another;

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

Many, rushing with fury over the seas of the sky,
For a race with the wind.
Why does this huge one swell and darken?
It leaps forward,
Plunging its black body into a world of kindred
clouds—
A suicide and a murderer—
Disemboweling the vapors of the heavens,
A black cloud sallies from the hill-top,
And another, and still another;
They are only clouds, nothing but foamy, fluffy clouds.

We cannot dip our swords into old blood feuds.
The New World must fight for its own Democracy,
True to its Soul.
(O America, remain thou the nations' Messiah!)
May nothing weaken the fibres of our Moral Life!
Nothing poison us with the poison of division.
Its miasma is stupifying our senses.
May we ever remain faithful to the holy principles of
our land!
Ever seek the true freedom, the freedom of the grow-
ing Spirit!

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

A black cloud sallies from the hill-top,
And another, and still another.
They are only clouds, nothing but foamy, fluffy clouds.
How they mock us! mock us!

And you psychocrats of our land,—to you we look
for the preservation of Democracy!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

XIII

O America, thy treasures have lain buried;
Arise, you that rule by your soul;
You that are linked with our nation's past;
That have thrown off your race;
That believe in the Soul of our land;
Willing to live for it, to die for it;
A cosmic democracy as large as the Heart of Human-
ity;
Willing to reconstruct the world out of chaos into
light;
Nearer thy Soul, O my land!
Arise, you Humanizers of our life;
Protectors of our Soul;
Psychocrats and psychocrats to be!

Become the Bearers of the Light;
The color-bearers of the land;
You alone can save us:
Our flag you carry,—brothers, follow!
Liberty unfurled! Warriors of the mind!
A battle we have to fight;
A battle to reunite
The broken pieces of our Soul.

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

If you falter, and stay behind,
The battle is undone;
Neither for country nor for kind
Will the day be won!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

XIV

You psychocrats, men and women of our land,
Fruit-bearers of our Soul,
Come into the open, show us the lines of your faces!
Mechanics, laborers, doctors, lawyers, merchants,
poets, men,
Speak, speak—words and deeds!
Twigs, branches, roots, blossoms, seeds, of the tree
of our nation,
Speak, speak—virile words, true words, cutting words,
loving words!
You, born and unborn, roadmakers of the avenue to
the Garden City,
Founders of a New America,
Reveal us to ourselves!
The pent horizon will be broken;
The fangs of the War will break it.
Conquerors of self, rulers of passions,
You will tell us the meaning of true freedom,
You will teach us devotion, duty, loyalty, sacrifice unto
death!
Your roots go down to the waters of the river of life;
They give you strength to be true to the plan of your
being;

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

Strength to win freedom.

They give you knowledge of the hearts of men, for the
roots of freedom are in brotherhood.

They give you sympathy for the struggles of men;
Joy in the freedom of service.

You give of your treasured juices to other roots, other
twigs and branches and blossoms and seeds.

Now you die; it is this death that will heal us.

Silent Soul-builders!

Build on the Cathedral of Man in the open:

A new spire is to be added;

The choir to be enlarged for the singers of democracy;

The plan vaster, and of workers there will be many
more.

Builders of the fire of purification!

Let us see all that must be burned;

Laws, codes, conventions, poison-breathing riches;

There will be also a funeral pile of human bodies.

A new decalogue must be written;

You must write it.

You must bring the tables of stone from Sinai,

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

As a proof of the worth of democracy.

Forerunners of a new order!

By this new order, democracy shall overthrow the
autocrat,—even the autocrat within the democracy!

BEARERS OF THE LIGHT

XV

O America! Land of forests and prairies,
Land of races and peoples,
Land of freedom and tolerance,
Looked-for haven of the nations of the world,
Know thyself!
The fountain spring of a freed humanity,
The waters of which you have tasted,
But have not drunk as a man drinks to quench his
thirst.

Stand thou upon the hill-tops, near the sky,
And at the altar, near the Cross,
In booths where votes are cast,
The market, the street, the office, the mills, the homes;
Call thou, with fervid voice, the wise, the just, the
gentle, the lofty,
The lovers of Man, our psychocrats.
They are coming—they are coming!
An army of soldiers;
Men and women who will build on a new foundation
a new Life.

THE LIGHT TO-DAY, TOMORROW
AND EVER

America, People of Peoples...

Through purity of Spirit alone can the world be re-born...

Can Democracy receive historic divine meaning...

THE LIGHT TO-DAY, TOMORROW AND EVER

I

A duty fell upon us,
A duty of fighting a war.
For Freedom we say we fight it,
For Freedom and Democracy.
Whether kind angels are with us,
Or merely a stony Fate,
No one among us knows.
We thought we saw it as duty,
It seemed we could do naught else;
And, thus, we pray to our Maker,
As all other nations do—
Our God, man calls that Being—
For help in these fearful days.
But sure it is, lose we or win,
God be our help or not,
We shall gain naught of Freedom,

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THE SOUL OF AMERICA

Naught of Democracy,
Save we win a crown unsought,
Unsought when into war we marched—
Win for our Land and Freedom,
For Right and Democracy,
For Truth and Man,
A gift to generations hence,
Our own dear inheritance—
Made strong by the strength of a lofty Will,
Made rich by the majesty of the New Age.

We won a free country once,
And then our Union back;
But naught shall we win now,
Save we win our Self,—
Our Soul, our Spirit, our Being,
Investing with spirit insignia
A new America!

THE LIGHT TODAY, TOMORROW AND EVER

II

My brothers, thus runs the story,
The story of my heart,
As I embrace your country and mine.
I have told you about the Soul of our land.
We have inherited a precious gift from our fathers.
God's country, in the love of our spirit, we have called
the land.

The first we were of lands that won Freedom,
Inaugurators of modern Democracy,
A People of Peoples,
With a golden future smiling upon us a little while
ago.

Now there is an enemy.
An inimical force.
It faces us to-day, and will again face us in the future.
It is physical nature knocking at our door.
It asks: "Where is your life? Show me what it is
worth?"

Can we save our inheritance?
Can American institutions continue?
Can Liberty prevail?
Can Democracy triumph?

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

Can the Principle of our Soul-life stand forth in the
light of truth?

By the sword?

Yea: we must drink the cup of war;

This war, for by it the Principle is to be tested;

Future wars, if by them the Principle is to be main-
tained.

America, drink the bitter cup with the joy of a sweet
conviction,

The cup of sacrifice that is to build anew our Soul!

Will this be all?

Can American Democracy win by the sword—physical
nature against physical nature?

By steel, by cannon, by liquid fire, by gas, by gold?

Yea, by the millions of men that die to die?

No, my brother, by the weapons of steel alone we shall
not win;

Neither ships nor shells nor wealth nor Allies suffice:
The enemy is fighting with steel and with another
weapon,

The weapon of the "trained" Will,

THE LIGHT TODAY, TOMORROW AND EVER

Trained to obedience, duty, loyalty, sacrifice.

We dream of Liberty and Democracy, now the test
has come!

Unless we have the will of the enemy, we shall lose;

Unless we have the moral strength of our pioneer fore-
fathers, we shall lose.

Will this be all?

Can Democracy win by the Sword and the Will?

No, my brothers:

Are not our enemies fighting with Sword and Will?

Wherein would we be stronger than they?

With Sword and with Will man fought in past ages—
the terrible battle of beast against beast,

The biologic struggle for existence.

We must have a third weapon,—

The weapon of the Spirit;

The weapon of the Light, which alone can save our
birthright;

The weapon which strikes not, because it is born of
love,

Yet has the strength of Fire and Water because it is
the advancing God in nature.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

Of this third weapon, my brother, I have told you,
Giving meaning to Sword and Will,
Shaping our life forever and ever,
The Light going before American Democracy,
A Democracy which is a People of Peoples,
Striving for a humanity that reaches out to the end
of the world,
Making an end of Race for the sake of Man.
It is the mirror of a coming World Brotherhood,
Our very Soul is this shining weapon,
Welding us into unity,
Inspiring us to an illimitable Cause,
A Cause bright beyond the darkness of the day.

THE LIGHT TODAY, TOMORROW AND EVER

III

What must we do?

How can we see things through

In this New Age?

With the Sword we came to the old world;

Joy forever if we could bring with it the Light of the
new world's Spirit.

My brother, it is the gift God has given us;

Know you it not?

Then we can no longer be leaders in the New Age;

Think you that a truer Brotherhood cannot come by
our hands?

Then the very word "Democracy" will have an empty
sound, hollow as the pretenses of a decadent
civilization.

The red dawn of a New Age is yonder.

What must we do? How must we live?

Battles we may win—enemies crush—lands amass—
and gold,

Yea, win the safety of a mighty nation,

Yet be the losers.

One treasure only is ours,—

Bow at the altar of reconsecration,

Build the new social order to come,

Consecrate! Consecrate!

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

Awed by the majesty of the New Age,
By the glory of the Soul itself, God-given Light to
man in the darkness of his beasthood.
America, People of Peoples, blessed with a vision of a
true brotherhood among men,
Pledged to build the Cathedral of Man,
Through purity of Spirit alone can the world be re-
born,
Can *we* be reborn,
Can Democracy receive historic divine meaning,
Can flowers grow on the graves in the cemetery of the
old age!

We won a free country once,
And then our Union back;
But naught shall we win now,
Save we win our Self,—
Our Soul, our Spirit, our Being,
Investing with spirit insignia
A new America!

Sweet death! Sweet sacrifice!
If, after crucifixion,

THE LIGHT TODAY, TOMORROW AND EVER

There follows an Easter day,
I shall with my old faith proclaim
"It was God that kindled the Flame!"

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

IV

Play, healing sickle-knife, play, we fear
Not death! Beyond, and clear, we hear
A voice, to-day, to-morrow, and ever, ever!
We vow anew to build, upon a plan
High-wrought, and worthy of the noblest song,
An altar to the Brother-state of Man!



**If the book is injured, or if this slip is torn
or defaced, a fine will be required**

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APR 11 1918

